INSIDE: INQUISITOR DEFAY'S DAY OF RECKONING!

24 $2.95 US £2.00 UK

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

The bounty hunter...
becomes the hunted!

KAL JERICO

PLUS: INQUISITOR • TITAN • BLOODQUEST

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

KHORNE SAVE US, where's all this water coming from? Oi, Baneblade, you Imperial lap dog! Where is that pathetic snivelling piece of filth? Baneblade? There's water all over this infernal place....Baneblade! You're not sanctifying the head again are you? You're not... not having a BATH!

Sploshl... AROOGA!.... AROOGA... BATTLE STATIONS! BATTLE STATIONS!

GUTSPEW! WHAT THE...?! *Get out of here! I've told you, when I'm in here it's off-limits. Now scorper, heretic, before I stort honing my close combot skills on you!*

BY THE RUINOUS POWERS! You're having a bath! Eugh... and with your power armour on too. That's disgusting! How could you?

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, *I hoppen to be checking oll my underwoter systems, see? An Ultromorine must be prepared for all eventuolities.*

Slooshl... Whirrr!.... Glug Glug... SQUEAK!

AHA! WHAT WAS THAT?

NOTHING!

I HEARD A SQUEAK! What's that yellow thing behind your back? It's a... HA! HA! A model duck! Formed of rubber! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

CURSE IT, GUTSPEW! *I'll hove you know, thot's stondord Imperium issue: Bothing Accessory LVII, Astortes, for the use of, rubber duck, one. You know, sometimes I reolly hote you! For my next test, let's just see how my bolter functions underwoter... DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA! DAKKA DAKK DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA! Hmmm... not bod. Not bod ot ot oll.*

Next month: **LEONATOS STANDS ALONE!**

Inside this comic...

INQUISITOR

Cleansing the last vestige of corruption on Nicodemus, Defay and his pupil Gravler face a truth so great that its very nature may mean the defeat of the Inquisitor!

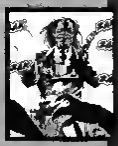
TITAN: VIVAPORIUS

Princeps Hekate and the crew of Imperius Dictatio face unsurmountable odds in the face of Tyranids. But first they must face the greatest enemy of all – FEAR!

BLOODQUEST

To continue their quest for the sacred Blade Encarmine, Leonatos and his Brother Marines must battle across the Blood Sea!

KAL JERICO



Lost and alone, Kal and Scabbs have found the legendary Mothertode. All they need to do now is fight their way out through Ludd and his gang, and a whole host of ravenous scavvies. Simple...

GAMES WORKSHOP

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

EDITORS Andy Jones & Marc Gascoigne
PRODUCTION Marc Bevan & Ian Pickstock
COVER *Kal Jerico* by Paul Staples Jeacock

WARHAMMER MONTHLY *oceanic* issue 24. November 1999 Published by Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK
Email us *publishing@games-workshop.co.uk*
Internet *http://www.games-workshop.com* and *http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk*

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Printed in England

PRODUCT CODE: 6056 9999 024

SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

✻ LETTER OF THE MONTH ✻

• HASHUT! VDRGUNDI ZHARR-NAGGRUND! I'm Batak the Cruel, high general, servant of Astragoth, high priest of Hashut, Father of Darkness. I write you to give our friendship against the Emperor's scum. I'm sure you will escape from the Warp soon! When you get free, please pass by Zharr-Naggrund. You will be a special guest, and start an enduring alliance between the Plains of Chaos and Zharr.

When you will come to Zharr we will play by battling entire slave Orc tribes one against the other, it will be great fun, ah, ah, ah!! You must escape from the Warp, Gutspew! I know you can do it quite easy! Come to Zharr-Naggrund, and we will start an enslaving campaign to submit tribes of Dwarfs, Orcs, Goblins, Elven, and obviously, these weak humans. I will keep a two-handed axe, some heavy scale armour and a shield for you!

I'm very pleased with your beautiful magazine, and I'm sure quality will improve even more every issue. Can I suggest you steal Baneblade's chainsword and include one free with WHM as a free gift? I can assure you that I would prepare an oceanic slave expedition to retrieve that issue!!

— Batok the Cruel (oko Scattolin Andrea, Costelfranco Veneto, Itoly)

✻ Batak, my dear man, you are a complete and utter swine! Well done! Keep it up, and have a new tabard too!

• I was just writing in answer to that rude 'High Archon Grieve' of the Kabal of the Eternal Shadow. What a scummer he is! Stupid pansy, who does he think he is? Every one knows that us Orks can write as good as da next guy. Me'n me mates think that he should be given a taste of me chopper. And I wonder if he would be so cleaver if he saw me with my chopper? I don't think so. Another thing, we can use complex machines too – so there!

— Warlord Nozgob, Despoiler of Worlds, Terror of Gommo Sector, Destroyer of life and eater of mashed pototoes (AKA Clare Appleford, via email)

• By the bones of my ancestors, this 'ere comic is amazing! I've been getting it from the beginning and I have to say that I've never found anything as good. I only have two complaints: firstly when is that lovely Ephrael Stern coming back? (She could make this lil' Squat very happy!) And secondly WHERE ARE THE SQUATS? We need some stories of Squats and their bravery! Finally when are you going to release Inquisitor Hand as a miniature? I think he would kick @$$ next to my SQUATS (and, dare I say it... Space Marines). Anyway, bring back Squats, bring back Squats... Mmmm, sounds of muffled cries... and general abduction sounds.

— David Mitiest, Scunthorpe

• Dear Lucanos, I can contain myself no longer! I have to express my feelings for you! The truth is my present lord (a crazy Khorne Berserker type) has no time for me! Ever since I was captured in battle I have been treated like a slave. I can take no more! Oh Lukey-Wukey! Will you succumb to the ways of Slaanesh and be my knight in power armour? I think you spend far too much time with that vile Gutspew – it's just not healthy, my love! Wait, I must go, I think I can hear...,++TRANSMISSION ENDS++

— Remora the Fallen, (Ex-)Slooneshi Priestess

✻ Baneblade's got a girlfriend! Baneblade's got a girlfriend! Erm, ahem, actually it is a bit lonely out here. You haven't got a friend have you, partial to Chaos and spikes and all...?

• This mighty tome has to contain some of the best artwork and artists this side of The Galactic Centre. My personal favourites being Daemonifuge, Inquisitor and Kal Jerico. Whenever I see Warhammer Monthly in Games Workshop Ringwood, the first thing I look at is the artwork then the story as an after thought. That said, is it possible to buy any of the artwork (colour or black and white) as posters and if so where?

— The Citadel Infidel, Victoria, Australia

✻ Posters? You want posters? Are you some kind of totally crazed, utterly insane, thorou... oh, we ARE doing posters, are we? Look on the website very soon? Ah. Ahem. Hem. hem.

• Give me more tanks! So far I'm very impressed with the comic (especially Bloodquest) but there is one problem – I haven't seen much of the Imperial Guard's tanks, especially the Leman Russ. Why hasn't anyone written a story about a tank company? Perhaps it could be clearing its way through enemy lines to, say, a spaceport, so that an infantry platoon can take it or escape or something. As well as that I'd also like to see the battle of Armageddon made into a story or maybe a novel starring Commissar Yarrick, Mephiston and Tycho against Gazghul Thraker. But most of all give me tanks!

— Solor Admiral Adom Betts, via email

✻ Tanks for the memories !! What? It's a joke, curse it!

• I wish to compliment and give thanks to everyone at Games Workshop who put in the tremendous effort to create a great comic every month (and every two weeks in the summer too!). I have read every issue since the free issue in White Dwarf 218. I can't wait for the Redeemer Special as I am a huge fan of all Redemptionists and followers of the mighty Emperor such as Captain Leonatos and Inquisitor Defay. I also wish to thank Dan Abnett, Gordon Rennie, Simon Coleby, Kev Hopgood, Colin MacNeil and finally Fiona Stephenson and Gordon Robson for their work on the art, scripts and lettering. My time grows short so I must say once again, thank you and keep up the good work.

— Patrick Woodley-Davis, Perth, Australia

✻ And if there's one thing I can't stand more than that creepy Ultramarine, it's a complete and utter grovelling creep! Curse you, wretch, for your kind words and compliments!

Remember, worms, the least sickening letter each issue will win a cool Black Library t-shirt. You wretches can send your grovelling pleas to:

Warhammer Monthly
The Black Library
Games Workshop Ltd
Willow Rd
Lenton
Nottinghom
NG7 2WS • UK

or via the power of lightning to:

publishing@gomes-workshop.co.uk

YOU SAW THROUGH IT ALL. I EXPECTED NO LESS. I KNEW!
AND NOW THE POWER OF CHAOS IS MINE!!
MY KIN IN THE MATHELDAS CLAN REALISED I WOULD BURN THEM ALL IF I BECAME PRE EMINENT
I NEEDED SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO SHEAR AWAY ALL THE DEAD WEIGHT OF THE FAMILY LINE AND LET ME STAND TRILIM-PHANT!
YOU HAVE MY ETERNAL GRATITUDE
CHOOSE YOUR MANNER OF DEATH. I COULD MAKE IT QUICK..
SO I HAVE UNLOCKED A VILE DÆMON OF CHAOS DO WHAT YOU WILL, FILTH.
FORGIVE ME, GRAVIER, PUPIL I SHOULD HAVE SEEM..
INQUISITOR
BOOK ONE: THE TAINT OF NICODEMUS
CHAPTER NINE
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT • ART SIMON COLEBY
LETTERS GORDON ROBSON

DON'T FEEL BAD, DEFAY.
I WILL SING YOUR PRAISES TO MY LORD TZEENTCH FOR ETERNITY. YOU HAVE LIBERATED ME
MY MISTAKE
THOUGHT YOU'D BE A BAD LOSER.
CHAOS IS THE GREAT DEVOURER, THE ENEMY OF HUMANITY, AND I HAVE BEEN MADE ITS PAWN
MY DUTY TO THE EMPEROR HAS BEEN MANIPULATED AND CORRUPTED FROM THE VERY START.
SO JUST KILL ME, IF THAT IS WHAT YOU INTEND
KILL YOU? NO! I WANT YOU TO JOIN ME, DEFAY!
I FEEL THE PULL IN YOUR SOUL. I SEE YOUR UNTAPPED POWER!
YOU ARE MAD, VILE THING...
NOT SO MAD THAT I CAN'T RECOGNISE A KINDRED SOUL.
YOU ARE ANGRY. THWARTED. LET THAT FRUSTRATION GO. LET THE RAGE SPEAK IN YOUR MIND!
TURNING AN INQUISITOR TO THE PATHS OF CHAOS WILL BE A CROWNING GLORY TO MY APOTHEOSIS.

NO!
ARE YOU SO SURE?
THIS THING WHAT IF I TEAR HIM IN TWO?
AGHH!
GRAVIER! NO, SARTHOS, EMPEROR DAMN YOU!
NOOO!
NO!

NOOOOOOO!!!
SHHRAKK

UGHH!
GAHH!
RRGGGH! WHAT AM I? WHAT AM I?
IT WILL NOT CONQUER ME! IT WILL NOT! EMPEROR SAVE ME!
RRRGGGHHHAA!
MASTER!

MASTER ? ARE YOU...
GRAVIER...
L-LORD ?
FORGET THIS, I BEG YOU
FORGET WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN. FORGET WHAT THAT THING MADE ME DO...

LORD, I WOULDN'T..
DON'T.
JUST DON'T...
LORD ?
LORD ?

EMPEROR FORGIVE ME, I FILED THE REPORT IN MY MASTER'S NAME. CERTAIN DETAILS WERE OMITTED.
NICODEMUS WAS PURGED. I DID NOT SAY HOW THIS WAS FINALLY ACHIEVED.
NOR DID I RELATE THE MISTAKE MADE BY THE DAEMON SARTHOS.
IT HAD SEEN SOMETHING IN MY MASTER. A POWER IT MALEVOLENTLY DECIDED TO AWAKEN AND RELEASE.
A POWER IT UTTERLY UNDERESTIMATED.
I REPORTED MY LORD WAS NOW RESTING.
IN TRUTH, I KNOW HE HAS FLED. ASHAMED, DISGUSTED, TERRIFIED PERHAPS. OF WHAT HE MAY BE. HE HAS GONE.
YET, BY THE THRONE, I HAVE FAITH IN INQUISITOR DEFAY! EMPEROR BE MY JUDGE, BUT HE IS NOT EVIL. THOSE WITH PSYKER GIFTS CAN SERVE THE EMPEROR, NOT OPPOSE HIM.
I PLEDGE MY LIFE TO FINDING HIM, TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF HIS NATURE. FOR GOOD OR ILL.
IF HE YET SERVES THE EMPEROR, THEN I TOO WILL SERVE HIM IN MY TURN. IF NOT...
AS MY LORD HIMSELF TAUGHT ME SO WELL...
...THE ONLY REWARD OF A HERETIC IS DEATH.
FROM 'THE LIFE OF DEFAY' BY HIS PUPIL GRAVIER (encrypted section)
END OF BOOK ONE

TWO: THE CREMATION
TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
DAWN ON THE WARWORLD VIVAPORIUS. OUR SECOND DAWN HERE. BARELY A DAY TO DISEMBARK THE TITANS PLANETSIDE AND MAKE READY.
THE DESCENT VIA HEAVY CARGO VESSEL FROM THE ORBITING BATTLE BARGE WAS DONE AT EMERGENCY SPEED. THERE WAS HARDLY TIME FOR EVEN THE MOST BASIC ADEPTUS MECHANICUS CEREMONIES AT THE LANDING FIELD.
AND NO TIME AT ALL FOR A FULL SYSTEM SHAKEDOWN TO ENSURE BATTLE READINESS. THERE ARE IMPERIAL GROUND FORCES SOMEWHERE OUT HERE DESPERATE FOR OUR SUPPORT.
WE HAVE YET TO MEET OR SEE ANYTHING.
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART ANT AND ANDY

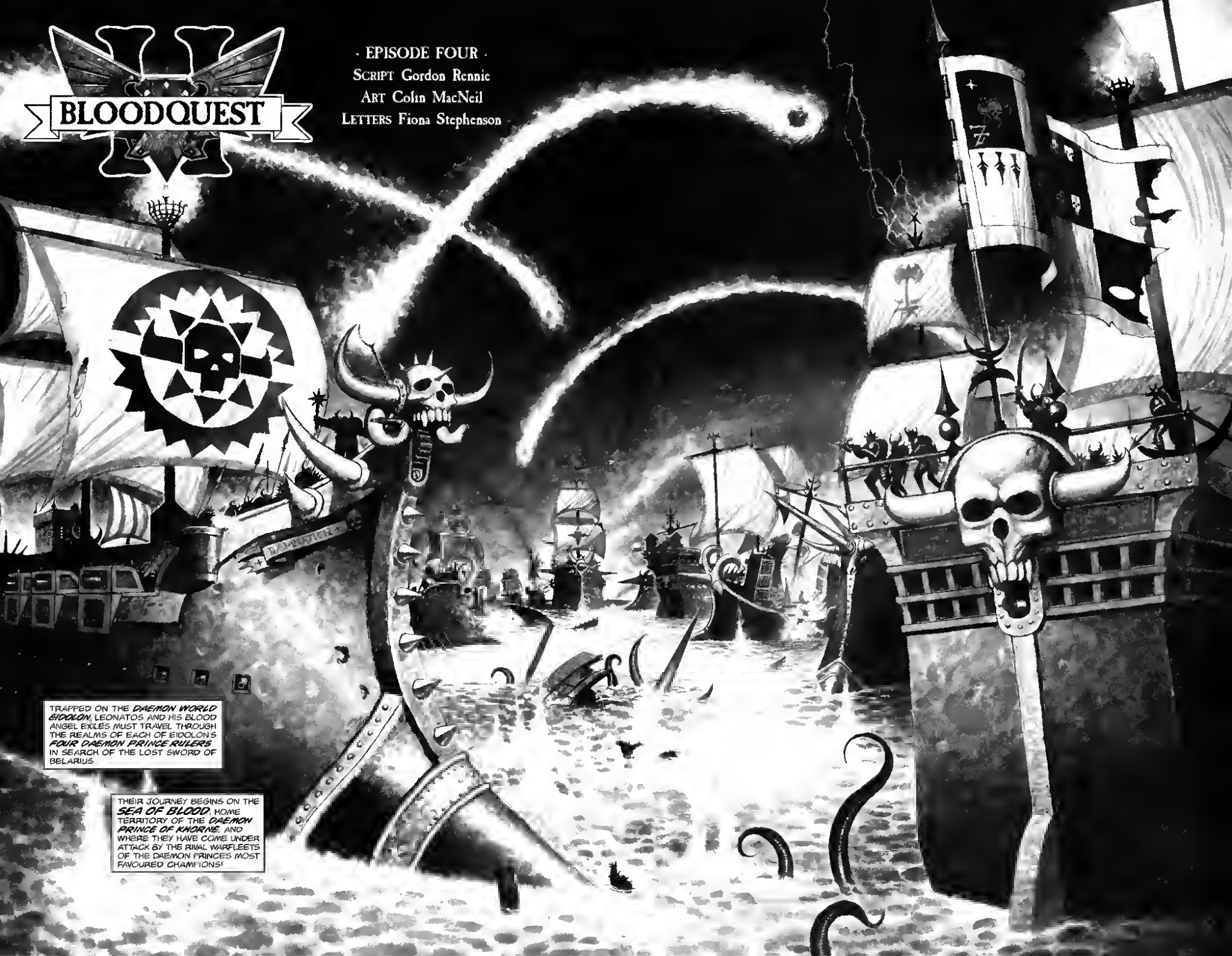
THIS PLANET IS *MEANT* TO BE LUSH AND RAIN FORESTED
ANYTHING NALLEN?
NOTHING, PRINCEPS HEKATE, PRAISE THE EMPEROR.
THE ASH SMOKE IS THICK..IT IS CUTTING THE RANGE OF OUR VISUAL AND HEAT SENSORS BY SIXTY POINTS
AND NO RESPONSE TO OUR SIGNALS? WHERE ARE THE FORCES WE RACE TO RELIEVE?
SOMETHING HAS BURNED THE VEGETATION, SEARING THE VERY *SOIL*. THE AIR IS THICK WITH CARBON SMOG. ORBITAL SCANS SHOW TWENTY THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF SCORCHED EARTH.
THREE MILLION IMPERIAL GUARDSMEN ARE DUG IN SOMEWHERE OUT HERE, PRAYING FOR US TO ARRIVE. BUT WHERE? NO SIGNAL, NO SIGN,AND OUR SENSORS ARE ALL BUT BLIND.
TACTICAL COMMAND HAVE DUBBED IT *THE CREMATION.*
NALLEN! I WANT A FULL ANALYSIS SWEEP. TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT THIS PLACE.
I AM UNEASY, BUT I TRY TO REASSURE MYSELF. WE ARE IMPERIUS DICTATIO, WARLORD TITAN, *DESTROYER OF PLANETS!*
BY OUR SIDE MARCH FELLOW WARLORD *REGALIS ANNIHILATUS* AND NOBLE WARHOUND *VITAS FALCO.*
TOGETHER WE COULD SUNDER A *WORLD!*
THEN WHY DO I *FEAR* SO?

IT IS THE NATURE OF THE FOE, ERVIN! THE TYRANIDS! UTTERLY ALIEN, UTTERLY UNINTELLIGIBLE!
MACABEE! THE GHOST OF MY PREDECESSOR, CONJURED IN MY MIND BY THE CRANIAL COMMAND LINK!
YOU UNDERSTOOD ORKS...TWO ARMS, TWO LEGS, ANIMAL DRIVES AND DESIRES! THEY WERE ENOUGH LIKE US TO COMPREHEND, AND TO HATE!
BUT THE TYRANIDS...THEY ARE NOT EVEN REMOTELY HUMAN. WHO KNOWS WHAT DESIRES BURN IN THEIR HEARTS? WHO KNOWS IF THEY EVEN HAVE HEARTS...OR YET DESIRES?
DID YOU EVER FACE THEM, PRINCEPS MACABEE?
ONCE ON BRONTISSA. MY MEMORY IS...A BLUR. ALIEN HORROR. THE STENCH OF FUNGUS, OF ROT, OF MILDEW, OF STAGNATION.
THE OOZE. THE FLUID BURST OF DICTATIO'S IMPACTS. THE SHRIEKING. THE CHITTERING.
IT'S NOT MEANT TO, ERVIN! THE TYRANIDS ARE THE FOULEST THINGS IMAGINABLE! I NEVER BELIEVED IN SWEETENING TRUTH. WE MUST FACE WHAT WE MUST FACE.
THATS NOT ACTUALLY HELPING.
KNOW THEY ARE THE WORST KIND OF TERROR... KNOW THAT AND YOU WILL BE PREPARED.
ON BRONTISSA...DID YOU WIN?
WE DID NOT EIGHT DAYS AT THE WHITE HOT HEART OF COMBAT. NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND DEAD THINGS I NEVER WISH TO SEE AGAIN.
WE WERE PULLED OUT ON THE NINTH DAY. THEN THEY PLAGUE BOMBED THE PLANET.
GOOD LUCK, ERVIN...

WAIT! DON'T GO
PRINCEPS? ARE YOU WELL? THERE'S NO ONE THERE...
REGALIS ANNIHILATUS TO IMPERIUS DICTATIO...YOU ADVISE US TO ARM FOR IMMINENT BATTLE.
HAVE YOU DETECTED THE FOE IN THIS ASH SOUP?
YOU ARE CORRECT THERE IS NO ONE THERE
ENGAGE THE VOID SHIELD GENERATORS, INFORM FALCO AND ANNIHILATUS TO DO LIKEWISE. AUTOLOAD ALL SYSTEMS, AND PRIME THE MAIN WEAPONS
I HAVE NOT, PRINCEPS.
BUT WHEN WE DO, WE MAY NOT HAVE TIME TO MAKE READY.
YOU ARE CAUTIOUS, BROTHER PRINCEPS
SOME MIGHT SEE THAT AS WEAKNESS. I ADMIRE CAREFUL PLANNING. REGALIS ANNIHILATUS IS ARMED AND SHIELDED AS YOU ADVISE

LET ME SEE...
CARBON, SULPHUR, POTASSIUM, CALCIUM...AIRBORNE AND THICK IN THE SOIL...
ANALYSIS SWEEP RESULTS COMING IN, PRINCEPS.
BY THE EMPEROR!
WHAT IS IT PRINCEPS?
NOTHING. LOOK TO YOUR WORK, MODERATI VOSS.
I CANNOT VOICE THIS FOR THE SAKE OF MORALE, BUT THE SCANS CONFIRM IT...
THE SMOKE, THE BLACK ASH UNDERFOOT...WE WALK UPON THE DEAD BONE DUST, CINDERED FLESH, MOLTEN WEAPONS...THE THREE MILLION GUARDSMEN WE WERE SENT TO RELIEVE...
PRINCEPS! I HAVE A READING DIRECTLY AHEAD! BY THE MIGHTY THRONE...THE RADIO TRAFFIC...ALL I HEAR IS... CHITTERING...
THIS IS IT! FIND ME A TARGET! NOW, MODERATI! NOW!
CHITTERING... MACABEE'S WORD...
MY FEARFUL HEART THUDS IN MY CHEST, AND I LOATHE THE FEAR IT SIGNIFIES.
I LOOK TO THE VIEWER, DREADING WHAT I WILL SEE...AND AS THE SMOKE WAFTS AWAY...

...I UNDERSTAND MACABEE'S FEAR... I REALISE MY OWN TERROR...
AND I UNDERSTAND WHY SO MANY HAVE DIED.
NEXT: KNOW TERROR


BLOODQUEST
· EPISODE FOUR ·
SCRIPT Gordon Rennie
ART Colin MacNeil
LETTERS Fiona Stephenson
TRAPPED ON THE DAEMON WORLD EIDOLON, LEONATOS AND HIS BLOOD ANGEL EXILES MUST TRAVEL THROUGH THE REALMS OF EACH OF EIDOLON'S FOUR DAEMON PRINCE RULERS IN SEARCH OF THE LOST SWORD OF BELARIUS
THEIR JOURNEY BEGINS ON THE SEA OF BLOOD, HOME TERRITORY OF THE DAEMON PRINCE OF KHORNE, AND WHERE THEY HAVE COME UNDER ATTACK BY THE RIVAL WARFLEETS OF THE DAEMON PRINCE'S MOST FAVOURED CHAMPIONS!

THE DAEMON LORD'S SERVANT FAMILIAR GUS WATCHES THE BATTLE WITH HIS MASTER—
THAT UPSTART FOOL KRUUL FIGHTS WELL, MY LORD SEE HIS VESSEL HAS BROKEN CLEAR OF THE PACK!
YYRRRRRRRRR
MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, YOUR SUPREME SAVAGENESS.
IN HIS HASTE TO SEIZE THE PRIZE AND WIN YOUR LORDSHIP'S FAVOUR, HE HAS FORGOTTEN ABOUT HIS OLD RIVAL, ARKHAN THE REAVER!
THE DAEMON LORD CARES LITTLE THAT HIS LIEUTENANTS SLAUGHTER EACH OTHER IN THE HOPE OF GAINING HIS ATTENTION
BRAKK!
ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT THE SURVIVORS - THE CHOSEN OF KHORNE - GROW STRONGER AND THAT THEIR CHAOS GOD MASTER RECEIVES HIS DUE—
THE SOULS OF THE DEFEATED
BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!
SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!

THE PRIZE BEING SO SAVAGELY FOUGHT OVER - THE SHIP CARRYING LEONATOS AND HIS SQUAD ACROSS THE BLOODSEA!
ANOTHER ONE GONE! THEY SEEM TO CARE MORE ABOUT KILLING EACH OTHER THAN ATTACKING US!
PERHAPS, BUT NOW THE VICTOR OF THAT LAST BATTLE COMES TO CLAIM US FOR ITSELF!
PALAMON! PROTEUS! STOP THEM GETTING ABOARD!
ALREADY IN POSITION, BROTHER-CAPTAIN!
BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! SOULS FOR THE SOUL EATER! SKULLS FOR THE--
KRAK GRENADE!
KRAK GRENADE!
KRAK GRENADE!

HIS NAME IS ARKHAN THE REAVER HE HAS BEEN MANY THINGS IN HIS TIME. WORLD EATERS SPACE MARINE TRAITOR RENEGADE CHAMPION OF KHORNE
... BUT ALWAYS, A SURVIVOR.
CHUNK!
HE HAS LIVED FOR MILLENNIA. HE CANNOT REMEMBER HOW MANY THOUSANDS HE HAS KILLED HOW MUCH BLOOD HE HAS SPILLED FOR THE BLOOD GOD...
LORD ARKHAN...!
HELP ME, LORD ARKHAN... HELP ME!!
... OR HOW MANY COMRADES HE HAS BETRAYED!
GLUUK
HE IS ARKHAN, CHAMPION OF CHAOS
NOTHING CAN STAND IN HIS WAY

MASH!
STARBOARD SIDE CLEAR, BROTHER-CAPTAIN. NO PROBLEMS HERE
HE IS CLOTEN BLOOD ANGEL
HE DOESN'T GIVE WAY EASILY
EMPEROR'S OATH, I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE WE MIGHT ACTUALLY MAKE IT OUT OF THIS MADNESS! PERHAPS—
BROTHER-CAPTAIN, YOUR ATTENTION--!
ENEMY VESSEL COMING STRAIGHT AT US! WE'RE GOING TO BE RAMMED!

ALL MARINES - BRACE FOR IMPACT! BRACE FOR--
DOOOM!
REHRRRAHRRRR
GREETINGS I AM QUG SERVANT OF THE DAEMON PRINCE OF THIS REALM. MY MASTER CONGRATULATES YOU ON YOUR VICTORIES SO FAR.
RUUUAAAHHH
HE HOPES THAT YOU WILL GIVE HIM AN EQUALLY MEMORABLE BATTLE NOW THAT HE HAS COME TO CLAIM HIS RIGHTFUL PRIZE -
-- THE SOUL OF THE ONE KNOWN AS LEONATOS!!
TO BE CONTINUED...

ARCHEOTECH. (AR'KEY-O'TEK.) N, NECROMUNDAN BEING THE COMMON TERM FOR THE MANY WONDROUS AND MYSTIC RELICS OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF TECHNOLOGY THAT CONTINUE TO BE FOUND AMONGST THE ANCIENT HIVE CITIES OF NECROMUNDA. DESPITE INTENSIVE INVESTIGATION BY THE EXPLORATOR MAGI OF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS, LOCAL LEGENDS OF A VAST AND UNDISCOVERED REPOSITORY OF SUCH RELICS – THE SO-CALLED 'MOTHERLODE' – CONTINUE TO PROVE UNFOUNDED.
–FROM THE ARCHIVES OF TECH-MAGUS IPSISSIMUS OF MARS
WE'RE RICH, KAL! RICH-BEYOND-OUR-WILDEST-DREAMS RICH! SO-RICH-THAT-LORD-HELMAWR-CAN-KISS-MY-SCAVVING-ASH RICH!

WHAT WE'LL DO IS CARRY AS MUCH AS WE CAN OUT OF HERE NOW, THEN WE'LL COME BACK WITH A TEAM – NO, AN ARMY – OF PIT SLAVES TO STRIP THE PLACE CLEAN. WE COULD EVEN HIRE OUR OWN PRIVATE SPACE MARINE CHAPTER TO GUARD THE PLACE WHILE WE'RE DOING IT!
KAL? ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?
HMMM?
SORRY, SCABBS. I WAS JUST WONDERING ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE...

I WAS JUST LOOKING AT ALL THESE HUMAN REMAINS. THERE ARE RATHER A LOT OF THEM, DON'T YOU THINK?
TWO IMMEDIATE THOUGHTS OCCUR TO ME, SCABBS–

EPISODE THREE

SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART KARL KOPINSKI
LETTERS GORDON ROBSON

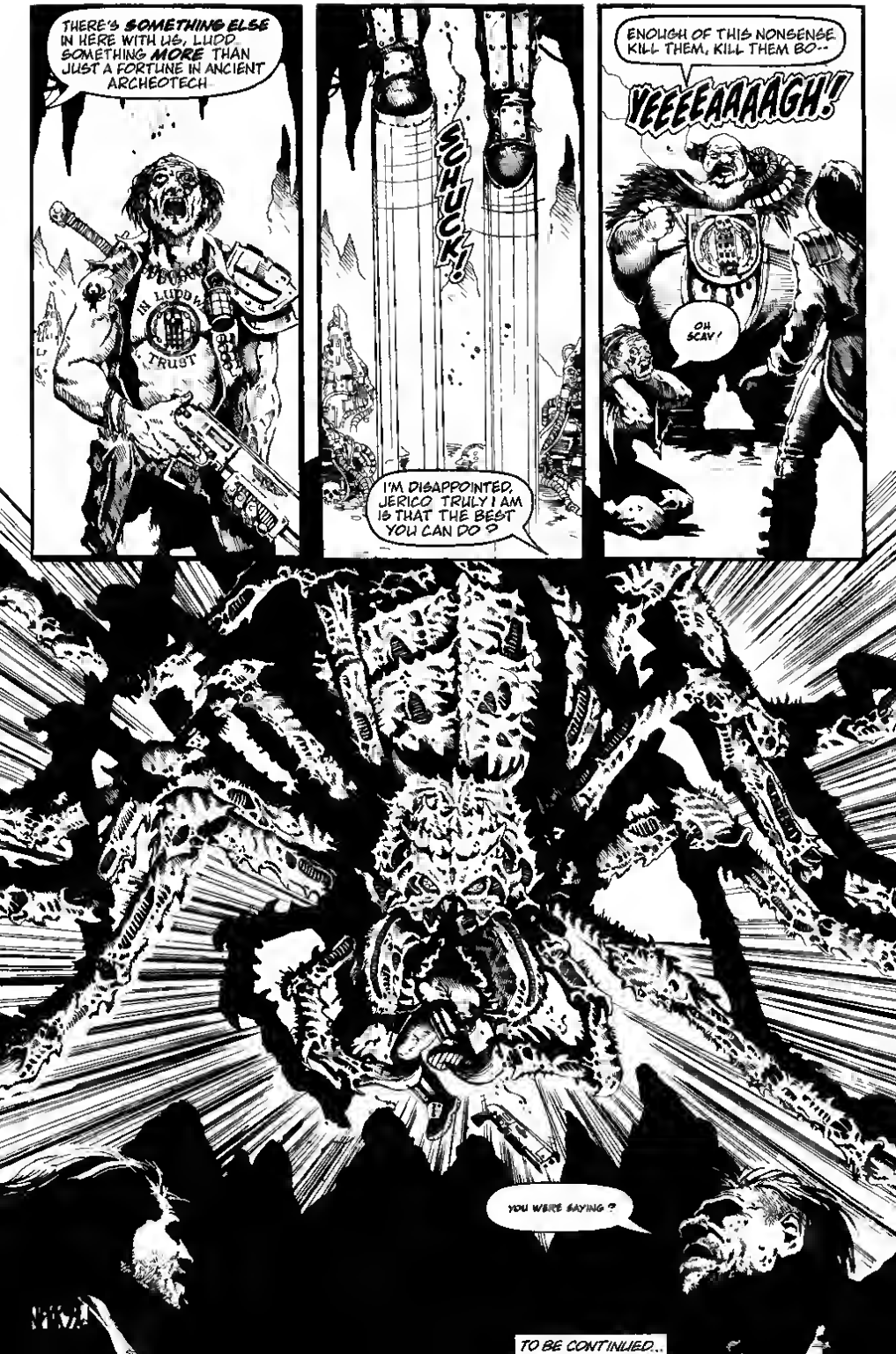
KAL JERICO™ IN THE MOTHERLODE

ONE: WE'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT THE FIRST PEOPLE TO HAVE FOUND THIS PLACE.
AND TWO: ALL OUR PREDECESSORS PROBABLY THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO BE RICH AS WELL, WHICH RATHER BEGS THE QUESTION AS TO WHY THEIR MOULDERING BONES ARE LYING HERE ALL AROUND US.
YOU THINK THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING HERE GUARDING THIS PLACE?
I THINK WE SHOULD MAKE SURE WE DON'T MEET THE SAME FATE AS THE REST OF OUR FELLOW FORTUNE-HUNTERS HERE.
FAKKA FAKKA KAM KAM DOOM
GUNSHOTS--!
IT'S LUDO AND HIS GANGERS! HOW DID THEY FIND THEIR WAY IN?
BLIND LUCK, PROBABLY JUST AS WE DID.
HMMM. TEMPTING AS IT MAY BE, WE REALLY CAN'T LET THE SCAVVIES HAVE THEM.
IT'S ALL PURELY FOR THE MOST MERCENARY OF MOTIVES, I ASSURE YOU--
WE'LL NEED LUDO AND HIS MEN TO SHOOT OUR WAY BACK OUT OF HERE, REMEMBER?

JERICO--!
I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE OUR BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT A SECOND CHANCE, LUDD
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE REASSESS THE SITUATION - AND THIS TIME YOU BREAK THE HABIT OF A LIFE-TIME AND DON'T TRY TO KILL ME ?
SHAKK
KAL... LOOK OUT!
YOWWW!!
CHUD
KACHOK
MY LASPISTOLS--!
TIME TO REARM MYSELF, I THINK--
I'LL TAKE THESE - YOU CAN HAVE THIS!
AH YES MUCH BETTER
ZAK
ZAK
ZAK
ZAK
ZAK

FALL BACK! FALL BACK AND FIND SOMEWHERE WE CAN FIGHT THEM OFF FROM!
MIND IF I BORROW THIS FOR A SECOND?
OW!
MY EAR! YOU TORE MY SCAVVING EAR OFF, JERICO! I'M GONNA..
SURVIVAL NOW, DEATH-THREATS LATER.
RIGHT NOW, JUST RUN!
BOOM!
RRRRRR-RRRRRR
HELMAWR'S RUMP! THE WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN!
UUUGH!
SPLAT

JERICO SO GOOD OF YOU TO JOIN OUR LITTLE GROUP AGAIN.
LUDD IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR HAVE WE BEEN HERE BEFORE? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT?
ANNULLED, I'M AFRAID NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND THE MOTHERLODE, YOU AND YOUR ASSOCIATE HERE ARE SUPERFLUOUS TO REQUIREMENTS.
BUT YOU STILL NEED US THOSE SCAVVIES WILL FIND ANOTHER WAY IN HERE, AND YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MEN LEFT TO FIGHT YOUR WAY BACK OUT AGAIN!
FORGET THE MOTHERLODE, LUDD THIS CAVERN IS JUST ONE BIG HIVEQUAKE WAITING TO HAPPEN. IF THE SCAVVIES DON'T GET US, THEN THE NEXT SERIES OF HIVE-TREMORS WILL!
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH I ENJOY LISTENING TO YOU BEGGING FOR YOUR LIFE, JERICO. DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T JUST KILL YOU NOW?
YES, I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT THE HIVEQUAKES THE SCAVVY ATTACKS.. US FINDING THIS CAVERN.. ALL THE BODIES HERE
THEY'RE ALL CONNECTED, LUDD. CAN'T YOU SEE IT?
IN LUDD WE TRUST


THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE IN HERE WITH US, LUDD. SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A FORTUNE IN ANCIENT ARCHEOTECH
IN LUDD WE TRUST
KHUCK!
I'M DISAPPOINTED, JERICO. TRULY I AM. IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE. KILL THEM. KILL THEM BO--
YEEEEAAAAGH!
OH, SCAV!
YOU WERE SAYING?
TO BE CONTINUED...